

1774 THE
32 W H I M:

O R,

The MISER'S RETREAT.

A

F A R C E.

Alter'd from the *French* of

LA MAISON RUSTIQUE.

As it is Perform'd at the

New Theatre in *Goodman's-Fields.*

With the MUSICK *prefix'd to each* SONG.

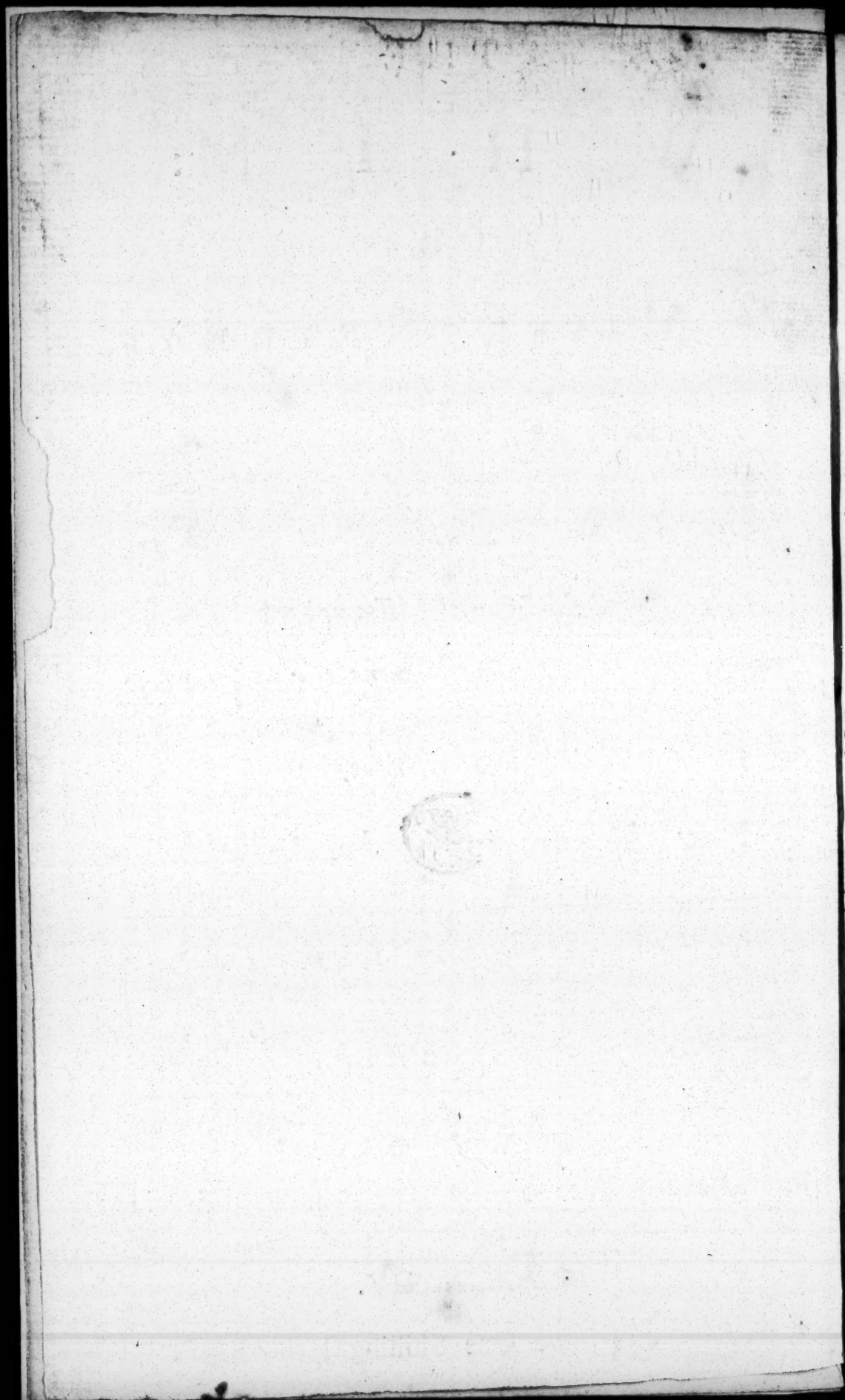
*Short is the Date, alas! of modern Rhimes,
And 'tis but just to let 'em live betimes.* Pope.

L O N D O N: 70

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Wild-Court near Lincoln's-Inn Fields.

M D C C X X I V.

[Price One Shilling.]





PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Miss COLE, a Child of Five
Years old, in Boys Clothes.

GALANTS! *an humble Suitor now I come,
Hoping to stop our humble Author's Doom.
A Farce we know's beneath the Critick's Care,
And still too mean t'address the gen'rous Fair:
What can I say? — With begging Face I sue,
Do, save the Trifle — and applaud it — do.*

*But in this Garb, I doubt I beg in vain;
Favours we ask of you, ye naughty Men,
They say we must some way return again.* }

*Sure! you will grant me this my first Request;
The Fair I'll court, they can engage the rest;
To them with Pleasure we submit our Cause,
And hope their Smiles, to crown us with Applause.*

*He that is come a candid, gen'rous Friend, }
If he has Patience, let him stay the End,
Then pardon all the Faults he can't commend. }*



Dramatis Personæ

M E N.

<i>Mr. Cavil,</i>	<i>Mr. Penkethman.</i>
<i>Standish, his Steward,</i>	<i>Mr. Monlafs.</i>
<i>Beaulove,</i>	<i>Mr. East.</i>
<i>Dorant, Son to Mr. Cavil,</i>	<i>Mr. Harbin.</i>
<i>Monsieur Le Trouffle, a French Count,</i>	<i>Mr. Bardin</i>
<i>Swash, a Visitor to Mr. Cavil,</i>	<i>Mr. Ayres.</i>
<i>Colin, Servant to Mr. Cavil,</i>	<i>Mr. Pearce.</i>
<i>Charly, a little Boy,</i>	<i>Miss Cole.</i>
<i>Tom, Servant to Mr. Beaulove.</i>	<i>Mr. Woodward.</i>
<i>Three Gentlemen, Friends to Dorant,</i>	
<i>A Cook,</i>	
<i>A Soldier,</i>	

W O M E N.

<i>Mrs. Cavil,</i>	<i>Mrs. Monlafs.</i>
<i>Mariana, her Daughter,</i>	<i>Miss Gerrar</i>
<i>Toilette, Servant to Mariana,</i>	<i>Mrs. Roberts.</i>

S C E N E, *A Country Village.*



THE
W H I M;
OR,
The MISER'S RETREAT.

SCENE, *Mr. Cavil's House.*

Enter Beaulove, Tom, and Toilette.

TOILETTE.



NCE more I'll tell ye, Sir, if you've any Consideration in the World for her, you must be gone this Minute.

Beau. My dear *Toilette*, let me but speak to her, let me but see her only.

Toil. Not whilst you are in our House:

I do believe she's as impatient to see you, as you can be to see her; but ———

Beau. But why won't you give us that Satisfaction then?

B

Toil.

The W H I M; or,

Toil. Because I know the Consequence; for when you once get together, the Devil himself is not able to part ye.

A I R I. Black Joke.



*Sage Lovers, with imploring Air,
Go to their Courtship like a Pray'r,
With, O, my Angel, grant my Suit!
In Lace, and Feather, the gay young Smart
Cuts Capers to the Fair One's Heart;
With a Demme, Madam, I will do't.
He that ne'er asks, will gain no Place;
He that ne'er runs, will lose the Race;*

The Miser's Retreat.

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*If you ne'er dig, you'll find no Mine;
Nor gain the Grape by viewing the Vine;
The way to eat's to pluck the Fruit.*

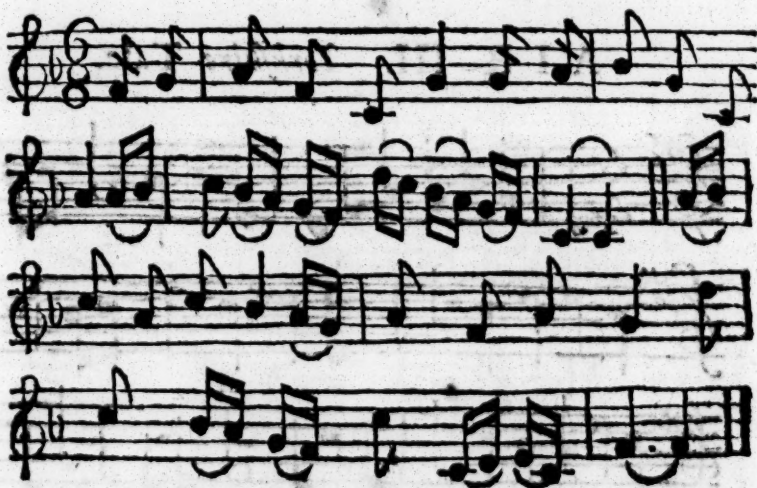
You'll stay so long till you're surpris'd, and what will become of us then?

Tom. Why then, we shall be thrown out at the Window, I suppose.

Toil. No, but I shall be turn'd out of Doors.

Beau. How unfortunate am I! these Doors are open to all the World, and only shut to me, because I love.
— Is Love a Crime?

A I R. II. *Fanny blooming Fair.*



*The Courtier asks a Place,
The Sailor tempts the Sea,
The Miser begs Increase,
Love only governs me.*

*Nor Honour, Wealth, nor Fame,
Can like soft Transports move;
On Earth 'tis Bliss supreme,
And Heaven is but to love.*

The W H I M; or,

Toil. Because you come for a Wife, and at our House; we don't care for People that come for Wives.

Tom. What would you have us come for, Child?

Toil. Any thing, but Wives; because they can't be put off without Portions.

Tom. Portions! No, no, never talk of Portions; my Master, nor I neither, don't want Portions; and if he'd follow my Advice, a Regiment of Fathers shou'd not guard her.

Toil. What say you?

Tom. Why, if you'll contrive that my Master may run away with your Mistress; I don't much care, faith, if I run away with you.

Toil. Don't you so, Rogue's Face? But I hope to be better provided for.

A I R III. *Yorkshire Tale.*

*The Love of such Wretches I scorn, and despise;
O'er the Fop, and the Rake, the Fool, and the Wife
At Court I will shine, and from all bear the Prize.
With a Down, &c.*

*Caressing, Coquetting, Intriguing, and Play;
Noise, Hurry, Confusion, and Transport, all Day;
Then, Room for my Lady there; hey Boys, away
With a Down, &c.*

The Miser's Retreat.

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But hark! here's somebody coming; it is certainly he.

Beau. Can't you hide us somewhere?

Toil. Here, here; get in here, as fast as you can.

Tom. Thrust me in too. [*Puts 'em into the Closet.*]

Enter Mariana.

Toil. O! Is it you?

Mar. So, *Toilette*, where have you been? I've been looking for you all over the House; methinks Absence is very terrible, *Toilette*; especially to those who were never in Love before.

A I R IV. *Logan Water.*



*When Love subdues the Virgin's Heart,
She owns its Power, void of Art;
Experienc'd Dames its Force evade,
And smiling play, of nought afraid:*

The

*The Virgin loves a tender Flower,
 If nipt, the Product of an Hour,
 It droops, and dies beneath the Frost,
 By Smiles revives, by Frowns is lost.*

Who are those People in the Garden, with my Mother-in-law? I believe my Father won't be very well pleas'd to see 'em there.

Toil. And here's somebody else not far off, that I believe your Father won't be very well pleas'd with neither. Come, Sir, Sir. [Calls]

[Beaulove and his Servant come out.]

Mar. O Heavens!

Toil. Come, Lovers, I can allow ye but a short Bout on't this Time; you must do your Work with Jirk —— one Whisper, two Sighs, and a Kiss; make haste, I say, and I'll stand Centry for ye in the meantime. [Exit Toilette]

Mar. Do you know what you expose me to, Beaulove? What do you mean?

Beau. To die, Madam, since you receive me with so little Pleasure, and be chronicled in Ballad for an enamour'd Fool.

The Miser's Retreat.

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A I R V. Sweet are the Charms, &c.



*A Swain, undone by am'rous Woe,
Flies to the Shade to seek Relief;
The Turtles to his Sorrows coo,
And Philomel returns his Grief :
The cooling Zephyrs gently fan
His Soul to lulling, soothing Rest;
The trickling Brook that by him ran,
Swell'd with his Tears, his Pain confest.*

*He sig'd, and whisper'd Celia's Name,
The Cause of all his Grief and Pain;
Echo, as Partner of his Flame,
Return'd the pleasing Sound again.
Ah Wretch, he cry'd, that Form, once mine,
Now yields another's willing Bride;
But I without a Sigh resign;
He said — then sig'd his last, and dy'd.*

Mar. Consider what would become of me, if my
father should see you here.

Beau.

Beau. What would you have me do?

Mar. Expect with Patience some happy Turn of Affairs; my Mother-in-law is kind and indulgent to a Miracle, and her Favour, if well-managed, may turn to our Advantage; and could I prevail upon my self to declare my Passion to her, I don't doubt but she'd join in our Interest.

Beau. Well, since we've nothing to fear from her and your Brother, you know, is my intimate Friend, you may therefore conceal me somewhere about the House for a few Days, I'll creep into any Hole.

Tom. Ay, but who must have the Care of bringing us Victuals? [*Afide*]

Beau. Thrust us into the Cellar, or up into the Garret: I don't care where it is, so that it be but under the same Roof with you.

Tom. But I don't say so; for that Jade, *Toilette*, will have the feeding of us, and I know what kind of Diet she keeps.

The Miser's Retreat.

A I R VI. *John Anderson my Jo.*



Beau. *The Morning Lark thus mounts the Sky,
With quiv'ring Pinions springs;
Still the bright Sun allures him high,
And as he mounts he sings.*

Mar. *Sad Philomel, at dead of Night,
Thus warbles in her Nest,
And gives the Swains the most Delight,
When by Love's Thorn opprest.*

Beau. Must I then be gone? Must I return to London?

Enter Toilette.

Toil. Yes, that you must, and immediately too, for he's my Master coming in upon you.

Beau. What shall I do?

C

Mar.

Mar. Stay in the Village till you hear from me; none of our Family know that you are in it.

Beau. Shall I see you sometimes?

Mar. I ha'nt time to answer you now.

Toil. Make haste, I say; are you bewitch'd?

Beau. Will you write to me?

Mar. I will, if I can.

Toil. Be gone, I say; is the Devil in you? [*Thrusting out Beaulove and Tom.*] Come this way, your Father's just stepping in upon us. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Mr. Cavil, beating Colin:

Mr. Cavil. Rogue! Rascal! did not I command you? Did not I give you my Orders, Sirrah?

Col. You give me Orders to let no body in; and Madam, here, gives me Orders to let every body in. — Why, the Devil himself can't please you boath, I think.

Mr. Cavil. But, Sirrah, you must obey my Orders, not hers.

Col. I'd rather see you angry than her, that's true; for when you're angry, you have only the Devil in ye; but when Madam's in a Passion, she has the Devil and his old Dam both in her Belly.

Mr. Cavil. What are these People that are just come?

Col. Nay, that know not I — but, as fine Volk they are as ever Eye beheld; *Heaven blefs 'em!*

Mr. Cavil. Did you hear their Names?

Col. Noa, noa; but in a Coach they keam, all besmear'd with Gould, with six breave Horses, the like on 'em ne'er did I set Eyes on — 'twould do a Man's Heart good to look on sike fine Beast, Measter.

Mr. Cavil. How many Persons are there?

Col. Vour — two as fine Men as ever Woman bore, and two as dainty Deams as a Man would desire to lay his Lips to.

Mr. Cavil. And all this Crew sets up at my House?

The Miser's Retreat.

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Col. Noa, noa, Measter; the Coachman is gone into the Village, to set up his Coach at some Inn, for I told him our Coach-House was vull of Vaggots; but he'll bring back the sick Horses, for I told him we had a rear good Steable.

Mr. Cav. Did you so, Rascal, did you so?

[Beats him.

Col. Doant, doant, Sir; it wou'd do you good to see sike Cattle, i'faith, they look as if they had ne'er kept *Lent*.

Mr. Cavil. Then they shall learn Religion at my House. — Sirrah, do you take care they sup without Oats to-night. — What will become of me? Since I bought this damn'd Estate, I spend more in a Summer than wou'd maintain me seven Years.

Col. Why, if you spend Money, ha'nt you good things for't? Come they not to see you the whole Country Raund? Mind how you're belov'd, Measter.

Mr. Cavil. Pox take such Love! — How now, what do you want?

Enter Toilette.

Toil. Sir, there's some Company in the Garden with my Mistress, who desire to see you.

Mr. Cavil. The Devil take 'em! What Business have they here? Who are they?

Toil. Why, Sir, there's the fat Priest that always drinks his two Bottles by way of Whet, and sits so long at Dinner.

Mr. Cavil. I wish his Church was in his Belly, that his Guts might be half full before he came. — And who else?

Toil. Then there's the *French* Count, that won all my Lady's Money at Cards.

Mr. Cavil. Pox take him too; he must be welcome to be sure.

Toil. Then there's the merry Lady, that's always in a good Humour.

C 2

Mr. Cavil.

Mr. Cavil. Very well.

Toil. Then there's she that threw down all my Lady's China t'other Day, and laugh'd at it for a Jest.

Mr. Cavil. Which I paid above Fifty Pounds for in earnest. — Very well; and pray, how did Madam receive all this fine Company — with a hearty Welcome, and a Curtsey with her Bum down to the Ground, Ha?

Toil. No indeed, Sir, she was very angry with them.

Mr. Cavil. How! angry with 'em, say you?

Toil. Yes indeed, Sir, for she expected they would have staid here a *Fortnight*, but it seems things happen so unluckily, that they can't stay here above *ten Days*.

Mr. Cavil. Ten Days! how! what! four Persons, with a Coach and Six, and a Kennel of hungry Hounds in Liveries, to live upon me ten Days!

[*Exit Toilette.*

Enter a Soldier.

So, what do you want?

Sol. Sir, I come from your Nephew, Captain Hungry.

Mr. Cavil. Well, what does he want?

Sol. He gives his Service to you, Sir, and sends you word that he'll come and Dine with you to-morrow.

Mr. Cavil. Dine with me! No, no, Friend, tell him I don't dine at all to-morrow; it is my Fast Day, my first Wife died on't.

Sol. And he has sent you here a Pheasant, and a couple of Partridges.

Mr. Cavil. How's that! a Pheasant and Partridges, say you? — Let's see — very fine Birds, truly. — Let me consider — to-morrow is not my Fast-Day, I mistook; tell my Nephew, he shall be welcome — and, d'ye hear, [*To Colin.*] do you take these Fowl, and hang them up in a cool Place. — And take this

Soldier

The Miser's Retreat.

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Soldier in, and make him drink, d'ye see — a Cup — ay, a Cup of Small-beer — d'ye hear.

Col. Yes, Sir. Come along, our Small-beer is reare good.

Sol. But, Sir, he bade me tell ye, that he'll bring two or three of his Brother Officers along with him.

Mr. Cavil. How's that! Officers with him! — Here, come back, take the Fowl again; I don't dine to-morrow, and so tell him [*Gives him the Basket.*] Go, go, go, be gone, Sirrah. [*Thrusts him out.*] A Rogue sends me three lean carrion Birds, and brings half a Dozen Varlets to eat them. — Here's a Rascal that I never saw in my Life before; but for all that, I'll hold Fifty Pound he comes to dine with me.

Enter Monsieur le Trouffle.

Monf. Begar, my dear Monsieur *Cavil*, me be your most humble Servant.

Mr. Cavil. I don't doubt it, Sir.

Monf. Vat is de meaning of dis, Monsieur *Cavil*? You look a so coldly upon me, as if me vere von Stranger!

Mr. Cavil. Why truly, Sir, I'm very apt to do so, by Persons I never saw in my Life before; but pray, Sir, what may you be?

Monf. O, Bagatelle — me be une Gentilhome. — Did not I come from *Paris*? Noting but Gentlemen come from *Paris*.

A I R.

A I R VII. *Maggy Lawther.*

*Me be of une Tribe De Grand,
 The Trade of all the Great, Sir,
 Who vidout eider House or Land,
 Have here a good Estate, Sir:
 For all de Varle play but une Game,
 The Tables are our Lot, Sir;
 The Cast we throw is all for Fame,
 And none's vidout a Blot, Sir.*

[Rattles a Pair
 of Dice.

Begar, you must know, *Monfieur Cavil*, dat me be come on purpose to drink von Bottle de Vin vid you.

Mr. Cavil. That may be, Sir, but it happens that at this time I am not at all a-dry.

Monf. Me leave a de Ladies at Carts, vaiting for de Dinner; pour me part, me never play, so me came to see my dear *Monfieur Cavil*.

Mr. Cavil. You might have spar'd your self that Trouble, Sir.

Monf.

Monf. Do you not know, *Monfieur Cavil*, dat dis House of yours is von little Paradise?

Mr. Cavil. Rot me, if it be, Sir.

Monf. Vor me part, me tink a de pretty *Retreat in de Country*, be von of de greatest Comfort in Life; me suppose you never vant de good Company, *Monfieur Cavil*?

Mr. Cavil. No, Sir, I never *want* Company; for, you must know, I love very much to be alone.

Monf. You must keep a de good Vin, above all tings; vidout good Vin, and good Cheer, me vou'd not give him von Fig for de Country.

Mr. Cavil. Really, Sir, my Wine is the worst you ever drank in your Life; and you'll find my Cheer but very indifferent.

Monf. No matter, no matter vor dat, *Monfieur Cavil*; me hear much of your Hospitality, dere be de plentiful Table in your Look. — And your Vife is Veritablement von of de best Vomans in de Varle.

Mr. Cavil. Rot me, if she be, Sir!

Enter Colin.

Col. Sir, Sir, yonder's Squire Swash has lost his Hawk in our Garden; he says it is perch'd upon one of the Trees; may we let him have'n again, Sir?

Mr. Cavil. Go tell him that —

Col. Nay, you may tell him your self, for here he comes.

Enter Squire Swash.

Swash. Dear *Jack Cavil*, how is't? You see I am still mindful of old Acquaintance: I remember, at the Death of my Father (the old Hunks having left his Will doubtful) I was oblig'd to go to Law, you did me singular Service; and now I am come in pure Gratitude to drink a Bottle with you.

Mr. Cavil. O Sir! you are grateful to a Fault.

Swash.

Swash. Nay, that I may make my Acknowledgement compleat, I'll e'en spend the Remainder of the Day with you; but I have been Hawking this Morning, a Glas before Dinner will give me the better Gout.

Mr. Cavil. Really, Sir, my Wine is so bad, I can't recommend it.

Swash. O! let's have it as it is: Here, Lad, some Wine. — You see I am free, I make no Compliments?

Mr. Cavil. No, I perceive you don't.

Swash. My dear Friend, your Health. — A Glas of neat Wine. — Fill me again. — Come, Counsellor, you seem melancholy, this Cordial will disperse it soon.

AIR VIII. Hark how the thund'ring Cannons, &c.



See, see, the full and flowing Bottle;
 Let grave Dons preach, or Women prattle,
 Wine can relieve from the Noise of the Bar;
 'Tis our Pleasure in Peace, and Courage in War:
 If Old Age attack ye,
 Or Jealousy wrack ye,
 This happy will make you,
 And drive Care away.

Ha! my dear Count, let me embrace you.

Mon

Monf. Mon cher Squire, vel, certainly now you be here, vee can make up de most agreeable Company in de Varle; Begar, you sal spend tree or four Day vid us.

Mr. Cavil. Faith, but he shan't.

Swash. Dear Sir, excuse me.

Monf. No, begar me vil not.

Mr. Cavil. Methinks this Son of a Whore does the Honours of my House to a Miracle.

Monf. Oh! begar, here come de Lady of de Family.

Enter Mrs. Cavil.

Madam, Let a me present a you to de Flower of England.

Swash. Madam, the Count has been persuading me to give him my Company two or three Days.

Mrs. Cavil. I'm sure you could not oblige Mr. Cavil, or me, more.

Mr. Cavil. That's a damn'd Lye, I'm sure.

Swash. I should be proud to do my self that Honour; but it falls out unluckily, that I have some Ladies at my House that I can't possibly leave.

Mrs. Cavil. O! send for 'em hither; let us join Companies, the more the merrier.

Mr. Cavil. An admirable Expedient, truly!

Swash. Well, then, I'll go for 'em my self.

Mr. Cavil. S'Death! I shall be devour'd at this rate; Oons, Sir, be gone about your Bufiness.

Swash. Sir!

Mr. Cavil. Zounds, Sir, will you go, or no?

Swash. Sir, I am loth to be so troublesom; but, at your Desire —

Mr. Cavil. Sir, I do desire it.

Swash. Well, Sir, since you will have it so — Madam, your most humble Servant; Mr. Cavil, yours; since you so earnestly intreat it, I'll be gone, and return with them immediately.

[Exit Swash.]

Mr. Cavil. Hold, hold, hold, Sir; I don't desire that; sbud! you may stay as long as you please, I am in no haste for your Return.

Monsf. Begar, de Squire is de best Humour Man in de Varle, only a little too much of de Ceremoney, dat is all.

Mrs. Cavil. Pardon me, Sir, if I think you rather too guilty of the same.

Monsf. Me love to be free and generous; since me come to *London*, me have reform half de Court.

Mrs. Cavil. You are of the most agreeable Humour in the World, Count.

Monsf. Tout jours galant — me vill tell a you une Adventure of mine, a charming one, Morbleau.

A I R IX. Talk not so much to me of Love.



*The Rosy Morn unbarr'd her Gate,
To let the Day appear;
When I, afraid of being too late,
Stole softly to my Dear:
Wrapt in a pleasing Sleep she lay,
I snatch'd a Bliss supreme;
She wak'd; I fled with haste away;
She took it for a Dream.*

But vat have you do vid de Ladies?

Mrs. Cavil. I left them at Cards.

Monf. Begar, me vil vait upon dem. — But, Madame, let a me desire you yil not go to de Expençe extraordinaire upon dat Account; tink a Madame, we ave a more dan von Day to live togeder, and den me expire at part from you.

Mrs. Cavil. You are pleas'd to be merry, Count.

AIR X. A Swain of Love despairing.



Monf. Morbleau, those Eyes so bright,
Dey set me all on Flame:

Mrs. Cav. I vow, they're deadned quite;
Dear Sir, you're much to blame.

Monf. Ah! let me — let me closely;
You know my Meaning well:

Mrs. Cav. Oh fy! dear Sir, stand farther.

Monf. Closer still, and closer;
The rest I dare not tell.

Mrs. Cav. *Vainly you court the Blifs,
When the Guardian is fo near.*

Monf. *Ah! give me but one Kifs.*

Mrs. Cav. *I dare not now, I fwear:
But move us once afunder,
I'll then your Blifs infure:*

Monf. *As Eaft from Weft afunder.*

Mrs. Cav. *Farther ftill, and farther;*

Both. *We then may kifs fecure.*

Monf. Treat us vidout Ceremony; de good Vin and Poultry you have of your own; de vild Fowl and de Fish are brought to your Door; you need not fend abroad for any ting. — Let us have no Extraordinaire.

[Exit Monsieur.

Mr. Cavil. If I had the feeding of you, a *Thunder-bolt* fhould be your Supper. — Here's a Dog, not only eats my Provifion, but addreffes my Wife before my Face.

Mrs. Cavil. Husband, will you never change your Humour? If you go on at this rate, it will be impoffible to live with ye.

Mr. Cavil. Very true; for in a little time I fhall have nothing to live upon.

Mrs. Cavil. Do you know what a ridiculous Figure you make?

Mr. Cavil. I fhall make a great deal worfe when I am ruin'd. Do you know how much Money you fpend in a Year?

Mrs. Cavil. Not I, truly; I don't underftand Arithmetick.

Mr. Cavil. Arithmetick! O Lud, O Lud! Is it fo hard to comprehend, that he who receives but Six Pence, and fpend a Shilling, muft be ruin'd in the End?

Mrs. Cavil. I never troubled my Head with Accounts, nor never will; but if you did but know what ridiculous things the World fays of ye —

Mr. Cavil. Rot the World! 'twill fay worfe of me, when I'm in a Goal.

Enter

Enter Toilette.

Toil. Madam, there's my Lady *Haughty* just fell down near our Door; her Coach was overturn'd.

Mrs. Cavil. I hope her Ladyship has receiv'd no Hurt.

Toil. No, Madam, but her Coach is broke.

Mr. Cavil. Then there's a Smith in Town may mend it?

Toil. They say 'twill require two or three Days to fit it up again.

Mrs. Cavil. I'm glad on't, with all my Heart, for then I shall enjoy the Pleasure of her Ladyship's good Company. — I'll wait upon her.

[*Exit with Toilette.*

Mr. Cavil. Very fine Doings, this! — Heaven be now my Comfort, for my House is Hell.

Enter Colin.

Colin. You'll not chide to-day, as you are usen to do; no, marry, will you not; see now what it is to be wiser than one's Measter!

Mr. Cavil. What wou'd this Fool have?

Colin. Why Thanks, and Money to boot, an Folk were greatful.

Mr. Cavil. What's the matter?

Colin. Why, a lerge and steatly Stag, with a pair of Horns on his Head, Heavens bless you! your Worship might be seen to wear 'em, come towards our Geate, a puffing and blawing like a Cow in hard Labour; I opens him the Geat, pulls off my Hat with both my Honds, and said, You are welcome, kind Sir, to our House.

Mr. Cavil. Well, well,

Colin. Well, well! ay, and so it is well, as you shall straightway find. — So in he trots, and makes directly towards our Barn, thwacks'n down in the Stra, as who wou'd say, Here will I lay me till to-morrow Morning — but he had no Fool to deal with; for, to the Kitchen

Kitchen goes I, and takes me down a Musquet, and, with a Breace of Balls, I hits'n such a Slap in the Feace, that he ne'er spoke a Word more to me. — Have I done well, or no, Measter?

Mr. Cavil. Yes, you have done very well, for once.

Colin. But this was not all; for a Parcel of Dogs came yelping after their Companion, as I suppose; so I goes to the back Yard-Door, and as many as came by, Shu! says I, and drove 'em into the Gearden, so there they are as safe as in a Pawnd. — Ha, ha! — But I can but think what a Power of Pasties we shall have at our House. Ha, ha! [Exit Colin.]

Mr. Cavil. I see Providence takes some care of me; this cou'd never have happen'd in a better time.

Enter Cook.

Cook. Sir, Sir, in the Name of Wonder, what do you mean? Is it by your Orders that all those Dogs were let into the Garden? Three or four of 'em came into the Kitchen, and tore half the Meat off the Spit that was for your Worship's Dinner.

Mr. Cavil. The very Dogs plague me!

Cook. And then there's a Crew of hungry Footmen, who devour'd what the Dogs left; so that there's ne'er a bit left for your Worship's Dinner, not a Scrap, not one Morsel, Sir. [Exit Cook.]

Mr. Cavil. Sure, I shall hit on some way to get rid of this Crew.

Enter Colin.

Colin. Sir, Sir, here's the Devil to do without, yonder; a parcel of Fellows swear they'll have our Venison; and s'blead, I swear they shall have none on't; so stand to your Arms, Measter.

Mr. Cavil. Ay, you've done finely, Rogue, Rascal, have you not? [Beating him.]

Colin. S'blead, I say they shan't have our Venison; I'll dic, before I'll part with it. [Exit Colin.]

Enter help.

Enter Steward.

Stew. There's some Gentlemen within, ask for you.

Mr. Cavil. What Gentlemen? Who are they?

Stew. The Gentlemen that have been hunting all this Morning; they're now gone up to your Wife's Chamber.

Mr. Cavil. The Devil go with 'em.

Stew. Three or four Rakehell Officers, with your Nephew at the Head of 'em.

Mr. Cavil. O, the Rogue! he might well send me Fowl! ——— But is it not a vexatious thing, that I must stand still and see my self plunder'd at this rate, and have a Carrion of a Wife who thinks I ought to thank all these Rogues that come to devour me? But can't you advise me what's to be done in this Case?

Stew. I wish I cou'd; for it goes to my Heart to see you thus treated by a Crew of Vermin, who think they do you a great deal of Honour in ruining of you. I overheard them, they're in a kind of Plot against you.

Mr. Cavil. What did they say?

Stew. You'll be angry, if I should tell ye.

Mr. Cavil. Can I be more angry than I am?

Stew. They said then, that it was the greatest Pleasure in the World to ruin an old Lawyer in the Country, who had got an Estate by ruining honest People in Town.

Mr. Cavil. There's Rogues for ye!

Stew. I'm mistaken, if they don't play you some Trick or other.

Mr. Cavil. Hold, let me consider.

Stew. What are you doing?

Mr. Cavil. I'm conceiving, I shall bring forth presently. ——— Oh! I have it, it comes from hence; Wit was its Father, and Invention its Mother; if I had thought on't sooner, I shou'd have been happy.

Stew. What is it?

Mr. Cavil. Come, come along, I say; you must help me to put it in Execution.

Enter

Enter Toilette.

Toil. Sir, my Mistress desires you to walk up; she is not able, by her self, to pay the Civilities due to so much good Company.

Mr. Cavil. O, the Carrion! what, does she play her Jests upon me too!—but, Mum; he laughs best, that laughs last.

Toil. What shall I tell her, Sir, will you come?

Mr. Cavil. Yes, yes; tell her I'll come, with a Pox to her.

[*Exit Mr. Cavil, and Steward.*]

Toil. Nay, I don't wonder he shou'd be angry, they do try his Patience, that's the Truth on't.

Enter Mariana.

What, Madam, have you left your Mother and the Company?

Mar. So much Tittle-tattle makes my Head ake; I don't wonder my Father shou'd not love the Country, for besides the Expence he's at, he never enjoys a Minute's quiet.

Toil. But let's talk of your own Affairs. — Have you writ to your Lover?

Mar. No, for I have not had time since I saw him.

Toil. Now you have time then, about it immediately; for he's a sort of a desperate Spark, and a body does not know what he may do if he shou'd not hear from you; besides, you promis'd him, and you must behave your self like a Woman of Honour, and keep your Word; or, alas! who knows the Consequence?

A I R

A I R XI. Cold and raw, &c.



*The Lover, at first, with eager Haste,
Sets out full of Glee to his Pleasure;
Like a Spendthrift, he spends his Wealth too fast,
And quickly he misses his Treasure.
For Bliss at the Height is the soonest check'd,
As Clocks strike a Dozen at Noon, Sir;
But, alas! the next Stroke that we have to expect,
Is the sad single Sound of but One, Sir.*

Mar. I'll about it, this Minute.

Enter Charly.

Cha. Cousin, Cousin, Cousin! where are you going? Come back, I have something to say to you.

Toil. What does this troublefom Boy want?

Cha. What's that to you, what I want? Perhaps I have something to say to her that will make her laugh.
— Why sure! what need you care?

Mar. Don't snub my Cousin Charly. — Well, what is't?

Cha. Who do you think I met, as I was coming here, but that handsom Gentleman I've seen at Church ogle you, like any Devil.

Mar. Hush! softly, Cousin.

Toil. Not a word of that for your Life.

E

Cha.

Cha. Eh! I can keep a Secret; I am no Girl, mün. — I believe I cou'd tell you fifty, and fifty to that, of my Sister *Cicely*; O! she's the Devil of a Girl. — But she gives me Money, and Sugar-plumbs; and those that are kind to me, fare the better for it, Cousin.

Mar. I always said, my Cousin *Charly* was a good-natur'd Boy. — Well, but what did he say to you?

Cha. Why, he ask'd me where I was going; I told him I was coming to see you: You're a lying young Rogue, says he, I'm sure you dare not go see your Cousin. —

Mar. So!

Cha. So he offer'd to lay me a Guinea, that I was not coming to you; so, Done, says I — Done, says he. — And so 'twas a Bet, you know, Cousin.

Mar. Certainly.

Cha. So, I having a mind to win his Guinea, I bid him follow me, that he might see whether I came in, or no; but he said he'd wait for me at the little Garden Gate, that opens into the Fields; and if I would come through the House, and meet him there, he'd know by that, whether I had been in, or no.

Mar. Very well.

Cha. So I went there, open'd the Gate, and let him in.

Mar. What then?

Cha. Why then he paid me the Guinea, that's all.

Mar. Why, that was honestly done.

Cha. And then he talk'd to me of you, and said you had the charmingest Bubbies! and every time he nam'd 'em, Ha! says he, as if he had been sipping hot Milk Tea.

Mar. But, was this all?

Cha. No, for he had a mind, you must know, to win his Guinea back again; so he laid me another, that I dare not come back and tell you that he was there; so Cousin, I hope you won't let me lose, for if you don't go to him, and tell him that I've won, he won't pay me.

Mar.

Mar. What, wou'd you have me go and speak to a Man?

Cha. Not for any Harm, but to win your poor Cousin a Guinea, I'm sure you will; for you're a modest young Woman, and may go without Danger.

Mar. What does the young Rogue mean? I swear, I'll have you whipt. — But I begin to find out the Contrivance. [Exeunt Mariana and Charly.

Enter Colin.

Ha, ha, ha! our old Gentleman's a Wag, I'faith! he'll be even with 'em for all this. Ha, ha, ha!

Toil. What's the matter? What does the Fool laugh at?

Col. We an't in our House now, *Toilette*, we're in an Inn. Ha, ha!

Toil. How! in an Inn?

Col. Yes, in an Inn; my Measter has gotten an old rusty Sword, and hung it up at our Geat, and writ underneath with a piece of Charcoal, with his own fair Hand, *At the Sword-Royal, Entertainment for Man and Horse.* Ha, ha!

Toil. What Whim is this?

Col. Thou, and I, live at the *Sword-Royal.* Ha, ha!

Toil. I'll go tell my Mistrefs of her Father's Extravagance. [Exit Toilette.

Enter Mr. Cavil and Steward.

Mr. Cavil. Ha, ha! Yes, I think this will do. Sirrah, *Colin*, you may now let in all the World, the more the better.

Col. Yes, Sir. — Odsflesh! we shall break all the Inns in the Country; for we have a breave handsome Landlady, and a curious young Lass to her Daughter. — O! here comes my young Master; we'll make him Chamberlain. Ha, ha!

Enter Dorant.

Mr. Cavil. What's the matter, Son? How comes it that you are all alone? You used to do me the Favour to bring some of your Friends along with ye.

Dor. Sir, there are some of 'em coming; I only rid before to beg you to give 'em a favourable Reception.

Mr. Cavil. Ay, why not? It is both for your Honour and mine. You shall be Master.

Dor. Sir, we have now an Opportunity of making all the Gentlemen in the Country our Friends.

Mr. Cavil. I'm glad on't with all my Heart. Pray, how so?

Dor. There's an old Quarrel to be made up between two Families; and all the Company are to meet at our House.

Mr. Cavil. Ay, with all my Heart. But pray, what is the Quarrel?

Dor. O, Sir! a very antient Quarrel; it happen'd between their great Grandfathers, about a Duck.

Mr. Cavil. A Quarrel of consequence, truly.

Dor. And 'twill be a great Honour to us, if this should be accommodated at our House.

Mr. Cavil. Without doubt.

Dor. Dear Sir! you astonish me with this Goodness! How shall I express this Obligation? I was afraid, Sir, you would not like it.

Mr. Cavil. Why so?

Dor. I thought, Sir, you did not care for the Expence.

Mr. Cavil. O Lud! I'm the most alter'd Man in the World, from what I was; I'm quite another thing, mun. But how many are there of 'em?

Dor. Not above Nine or Ten of a Side, Sir.

Mr. Cavil. O! we shall dispose of them easily enough.

Dor. Some of 'em will be here presently; the rest I don't expect till to-morrow Morning.

Mr. Cavil.

Mr. Cavil. I hope they're good Companions, jolly Fellows, that love to eat and drink well.

Dor. The merriest, best-natur'd Creatures in the World, Sir.

Mr. Cavil. I'm very glad on't, for 'tis such Men I want. — [*To Standish.*] Come, you and I will go and prepare for their Reception.

[*Exeunt Mr. Cavil and Standish.*]

Dor. Bless me! what an Alteration is here! How my Father's Temper is chang'd within these two or three Days? Do you know the Meaning of it?

Col. Why, the Meaning on't is, Ha, ha! —

Dor. Can you tell me the Cause of this sudden Change, I say?

Col. Why, the Cause on't is, Ha, ha —

Dor. What do you laugh at, Sirrah, do you know?

Col. Ha — because the old Gentleman's a Droll, that's all.

Dor. Sirrah, if I take the Cudgel —

Col. Nay, Sir, don't be angry for a little harmless Mirth — but here are your Friends.

Enter Three Gentlemen.

Dor. Gentlemen, you are welcome to our poor Cottage. — See that these Gentlemen's Horses are taken care of.

Enter Mr. Cavil and Steward, dress'd like Drawers.

Mr. Cavil. Gentlemen, do you call? Will you please to see a Room, Gentlemen? — Ostler, take care of the Gentlemens Horses.

Dor. Father, what is the meaning of this?

Mr. Cavil. Here, shew a Room. — Or will you please to walk into the Kitchen first, Gentlemen, and see what you like for Dinner.

1 Gent. Make no Preparations, Sir, your own Dinner is sufficient.

Mr. Cavil.

Mr. Cavil. Very well, I understand ye. — Let's see, how many are there of ye? [*Tells 'em.*] One, Two, Three. — Well, Gentlemen, 'tis but Half a Crown a piece for your selves, and Six Pence a Head for your Servants; your Dinner shall be ready in half an Hour. Here, shew the Gentlemen into the *Apollo*.

2 Gent. What, Sir, does your Father keep an Inn?

Mr. Cavil. The *Sword-Royal*, at your Service, Sir.

Dor. But, Father, let me speak to you; would you disgrace me?

Mr. Cavil. My Wine is very good, Gentlemen; but to be very plain with ye, it is dear.

Dor. O, I shall run distracted!

Mr. Cavil. You seem not to like my House, Gentlemen, you may try all the Inns in the Country, and not be better entertain'd; but, I own, my Bills run high.

Dor. Gentlemen, let me beg the Favour of ye—

1 Gent. Ay, my young Squire of the *Sword-Royal*, you shall receive some Favours from us.

Dor. Dear Mr. *Bencher*!

1 Gent. Here, my Horse there.

Dor. Mr. *Ruby*!

2 Gent. Damn ye, you Prig.

Dor. Mr. *Baskful*!

3 Gent. Go to the Devil. [*Exeunt Gentlemen.*]

Dor. O! I'm disgrac'd for ever!

Mr. Cavil. Now, Son, this will teach you how to live.

Dor. Your Son! I deny the Kindred; I'm the Son of a Whore; and I'll burn your House about your Ears, you old Rogue you. [*Exit Dorant.*]

Mr. Cavil. Ha, ha!

Stand. The young Gentleman's in a Passion.

Mr. Cavil. They're all gone, for all that; and the *Sword-Royal's* the best General in *Christendom*.

Enter

Enter Tom, talking with Toilette.

Toil. What, that tall Gentleman I saw in the Garden with ye?

Tom. The same; he's my Master's Uncle, and Ranger of the King's Forests: He intends to leave my Master all he has.

Mr. Cavil. Don't I know this Scoundrel? What, is his Master here? What do you do here, Rascal?

Tom. I was asking which must be my Master's Chamber.

Mr. Cavil. Where is your Master?

Tom. Above Stairs with your Wife and Daughter; and I want to know where he's to lie, that I may put up his Things.

Mr. Cavil. Do you so, Rascal?

Tom. A very handsom Inn, this. — Here, Drawer, fetch me a Pint of Wine.

Mr. Cavil. Take that, Rascal; do you banter us?

[*Kicks him out.*]

Enter Mrs. Cavil.

Mrs. Cavil. What is the Meaning of this, Husband? Are not you ashamed to turn your House into an Inn? And is this a Dress for my Spouse, and a Man of your Character?

Mr. Cavil. I'd rather wear this Dress than be ruin'd.

Mrs. Cavil. You're nearer being so than you imagine; for there are some Persons within, who have it in their Power to punish you for your ridiculous Folly.

Enter Beaulove, leading Mariana.

Mr. Cavil. How, Sir! what means this? Who sent you here?

Beau. It was the luckiest Star in your Firmament that sent me here.

Mr. Cavil.

Mr. Cavil. Then I doubt, at my Birth, the Planets were but in a scurvy Disposition.

Beau. Killing one of the King's Stags, that run hither for Refuge, is enough to overturn a Fortune much better establish'd than yours. — However, Sir, if you will consent to give me your Daughter, for her sake, I will bear you harmless.

Mr. Cavil. No, Sir; no Man shall have my Daughter, that won't take my House too.

Beau. Sir, I will take your House; pay you the full Value of it; and you shall remain as much Master of it as ever.

Mr. Cavil. No, Sir, I have had enough on't; you must be Master yourself, and from this Minute begin to do the Honours of it in your own Person.

Beau. Sir, I readily consent.

A I R XII. The Lass with the Nut-brown Hair.



Beau. *What Bliss to the Lover,
 His Passion to discover,
 Where Hearts in mutual Union meet!*

The Miser's Retreat.

33

Mar. *What Joy to surrender,
Blushing, soft, and tender!
Our Bliss, tho' repeated, still sweet.*

Beau. *With Pleasure still increasing,
And Transports never ceasing,*

Mar. *We'll banish each Thought and anxious Care:*

Both. *I will revel in thy Arms,
And, gazing on thy Charms,
We'll love, and live, the only blest Pair,*

Mr. Cavil. Upon that Condition, and in order to get rid of my House, here, take my Daughter. — And now, Sir, if you think you've a hard Bargain, I don't care if I tols you my Wife to make you amends.

A I R XIII. Butter'd Pease.



Beau. *Love alone can Fancy raise,*

Makes us free and debonair;

Toil. *Love and Truth prove vain Essays,*

Gold will soonest gain the Fair.

Beau. *Jove, his Heaven left for Love,*

By soft Beauty's Charms control'd;

Toil. *That he might successful prove,*

Descended in a Shower of Gold.

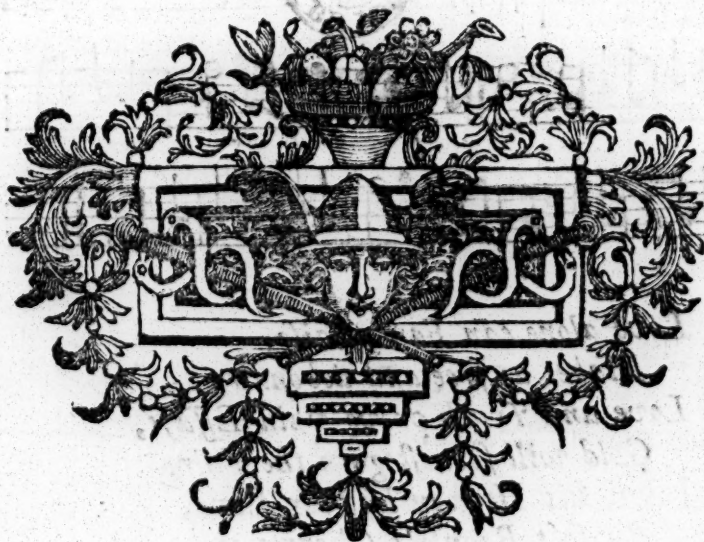
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CHORUS.

CHORUS.

*Muckworms idle Life away,
 Hoarding, scraping, full of Sorrow:
 We will first enjoy To-Day,
 Then we'll study for To-morrow.* [Exeunt.

F I N I S.



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